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Will Young Canada Heed the Warning?

Yes, Jack, my boy, it's a fact! It costs you $60,000,000 a year! Can you stand that? It means a loss, in ten years, of

Six Hundred Million Dollars.

—The 'Pioneer.'

What Makes a Good Soldier.

(By Lord Roberts, in 'Leaflet.')

The soldier without health and power of endurance is a fraud. He is being educated and paid, not for parade purposes in times of peace—for a soldier in peace is a chimney in summer—but for a sterner occasion which, if it occurs during his service, he will be found unfit to cope with.

I make no reference here to the, I am sorry to say, many who, from the effects of the climate or other causes beyond their own control, become invalids or are sickly. They deserve every respect, help and sympathy.

But what of those others, who, from want of self-discipline, render themselves unfit to fulfil the contract they have entered into with their country?

They are false to themselves, for they betray the highest trust reposed in man, the preservation of his manhood, and they are false to the country for which they have volunteered to fight, because they render themselves incapable of upholding the credit and the glorious traditions of a nation's army in its hour of need.

There is, I believe, in some quarters an idea that it is the more spirited section of the British soldiers that drink.

I do not believe it for a moment.

This is one of the old world fallacies that may be classed and dismissed with the idea that the greatest blackguards make the best soldiers on service.

Undoubtedly there is a certain recklessness of disposition that will carry men a certain length, particularly in the first flush and fashion of a campaign; but it is not a dependable quality.

The characteristics that mark the best soldiers in trying circumstances and midst depressing surroundings are a high sense of duty, self-respect and self-command.

If soldiers would raise the social status of their profession, they must cultivate temperance and decorum, and banding themselves together in societies, such as the Army Temperance Association, is the best means of attaining the much desired end.

During the past year the numbers on our rolls have increased by no less than 4,014. This makes up the total average number of members to 22,369, or, practically, about one-third of the British army in India are now total abstainers.

To show in what an increasing ratio total abstinence is commending itself to our soldiers, I quote you the following figures representing the average totals of former years:

1889-90.. 13,487
1890-91.. 15,050
1891-92.. 16,948
1892-93.. 18,355
1893-94.. 22,369

To estimate the true value of these results it is necessary to examine into the advantages which membership of the association offers (first) to the members themselves; (second) to the discipline and efficiency of the army at large.

I think these advantages may also be considered with reference to the improved impressions of service in the army which a

higher standard of conduct among soldiers may make upon the civil population.

In doing this, I have no intention of asking the men to adopt all virtues straight off, without giving due consideration to the conditions under which they live and the influences which surround them.

As I was myself a regimental soldier for thirty-two years, I know something of the trials and difficulties which beset a soldier's life, and first I would speak of the advantage the abstinence society confers on the men themselves.

No matter what walk in life a man may adopt, there is no qualification for success that can compare with a good character; a reputation for being a good man that can be relied on at all times to do his duty strongly and bravely.

To earn such a reputation among his comrades—and they are close observers and often captious critics—a man must teach himself self-control.

From generalities let us now proceed to particulars.

Take the matter of courts-martial.

I find that the court-martial return of 1893 shows that there were eight general courts-martial held for the trial of British soldiers.

Of those tried all were non-abstainers. There were 1,450 district courts-martial, and of these only 34 were non-abstainers. There were 1,150 regimental courts-martial, and of those tried only 39 were members of the association.

To sum up, there were 2,608 courts-martial in the year, and of these trials only 73 were held for the trial of members of the Army Temperance Association.

It does not need the help of the schoolmaster to show that according to the percentage of our strength we were entitled to about 869 courts-martial, and we only got credit for 73.

My experience tells me that nearly all the crime in the British army in India is directly traceable to drinking to excess.

In India there are not the same inducements to the offense of absence without leave that there are at home.

Yet there are many offenses committed by soldiers which, though not recorded as drunkenness, are the direct consequences of drink; such as the disinclination for work or duty which follows after the period of dissipation, or the ill-humor resulting from reaction leading up to insubordinate words or acts.

The figures I have quoted are positive proof of the extraordinary effects of temperance in decreasing crime. Some may perhaps think that these figures are not reliable; in fact, that they are army temperance figures.

I confess that I was so astonished at the comparative absence of crime among the temperance men, disclosed by the figures in the report of the association, that I had them investigated by the adjutant-general of the army in communication with commanding officers, and though there were some slight discrepancies, the difference was so small as to be altogether outside the zone of practical consideration.

Next, let us consider in the results of the Army Temperance Association its effects on the discipline and efficiency of the army.

I have already said enough to show how it has improved and is improving the discipline of the army. The efficiency of the army depends in the highest degree on the health of its soldiers. Let us again refer to the report for evidence as to the effect of temperance on health.

I find from an average taken over twenty-two different corps, selected at haphazard and representative of all our nationalities, that the admission into hospital percent of abstainers was 5.5 and among non-abstainers 10.0.

The corps selected represent all branches of the service.

These figures establish the benefits of temperance on health.

In fact, they leave a reasonable presumption that half the sickness in the British army in India is traceable to drink.

When a man has lost control over himself from drink, he is as unmindful of what is due to his health as he is forgetful of what he owes to his reputation.

It is thus that men, maddened by drink, expose themselves to the ruthless rays of the noonday sun in the plains of India, and get knocked over, possibly to be helpless imbeciles for the rest of a wearisome existence.

It is thus that at stations like Quetta, in Beluchistan, where the thermometer goes down to near zero on winter nights, men expose themselves to attacks of pneumonia, which, if they are not fatal, often send hose stricken home unable to bear the cold and bracing climate of England, which they would have enjoyed and then benefited by if they had but taken care of themselves in India.

There are other forms of sickness which the recklessness of consequences bred of drink leads men into, often to the ruin of the steady nerve and strong physique which should be the pride of every soldier and which he should guard as the apple of his eye.

WHY NOT REQUIRE THE SALOONS TO LABEL THEIR FINISHED PRODUCTS?

—'Home Herald.'

A Toast to Women.

This beautiful toast to woman was originally given by a man who had been a hard drinker, but who had turned from the wine-cup and become one of the leading lights of the legal profession. The occasion was a banquet in Philadelphia, on April 17, 1881. It is as follows: 'I should like to propose a toast to-night, although a total abstinence man myself—I toast to woman. To be drank, not in liquor of any kind, for we should never pledge a woman in that which may bring her husband reeling home to abuse where he should love and cherish, sends her sons to a drunkard's grave, and her daughters to a life of shame. Oh, no, not in that, but rather in the life-giving water, pure as her chastity, clear as her intuitions, bright as her smile, sparkling as the laughter of her eyes, cheering as her consolation, strong and sustaining as her love—in the crystal water I would drink to her that she would remain queen regnant to the empire she has already won, grounded deep as the universe in love; built up and exercised in the homes and hearts of the world; I would drink to her, the full-blown flower of creation's morning, of which man was but the bud and blossom, to her who in childhood claps our little hands and teaches us to lisp the first sweet prayer to the Great-All-Father, who comes to us in youth with good counsel and advice, who in manhood meets our heart yearnings with the faithfulness of conjugal love, and whose hand, when our feet go down in the shadow, gently smoothes the rough pillow of death as none other can; to her who is the flower of flowers, the pearl of pearls, God's latest, best and brightest gift to man—woman, peerless, pure, sweet, royal woman.'—'Labor Digest.'

Bring Him to Me.

Bring him to me; h's heart is filled with madness,
From demon chains ye cannot set him free;
The well of peace, the very spring of gladness
Is mine. Bring him to me.

Bring him to me, his hurt is past your healing;
From death, from death's black doom you cannot free;
The word of hope, the doom of death repealing,
Is mine. Bring him to me.

Bring him to me, your boy is surely dying;
Life's stream runs low, the dim eyes cannot see;
The fount of life, the cure for all heart sighing
Is mine. Bring him to me.

Bring him to me, day's last sad beams are fading,
Dark night falls thick and shrouds life's troubled seas;
Look up! the dawning day that knows no shading,
Is mine. Come home with me.

The above poem was recently written by Ralph Connor after holding a service in a saloon in Philadelphia.

A Missionary's Experience.

(A. Beattie, in the 'Temperance Leader and League.')

When I got to know Mr. Joseph Tait he was a missionary in a mining village near to Alloa. He was employed by the Patons. He had strong faith in individual effort. He took an intelligent view of any question submitted to him. His conclusions were always reached by true and reasonable methods. I give two cases in support of these lines. Mr. Tait stated—'When first I went to a former field of missionary work, I called on all the ministers of the place. My reception was all that one could desire; yet in my hearty welcome I had to stand up for principle and for character. The Rev. Mr. P—— was a popular preacher—in the faith of his conviction he had a firm hold—and all who knew him said he was the coming man in the Church. Mr. P. said—"My wife has just gone out; but we will manage." With that he left me for a moment. He returned with a bottle under his arm, and another bottle in hand, with glass.' Mr. Tait saw at once his position and his duty. He said—'You need not bring out the bottle; I am an abstainer.' The minister stood. 'An abstainer, are you? Well, if you wish to accomplish much good, you will keep your teetotalism to yourself in this part of the country.' 'That I cannot promise to do,' replied the missionary. 'My experience, joined to all the evidence afforded by Church history, goes to show that strong drink is our greatest enemy; and to be silent here would simply be a betrayal of my duty and of my responsibility. I cannot, I will not, be silent on this the chief part of my work.' One Sabbath day, a few years after this conversation, the church bells had rung out their sacred sound. The people were met for worship. They waited. Two elders went to find the reason of the minister's non-appearance. The first thing which met them in the manse was the minister's wife struggling to hold back her drunken husband from going to enter the pulpit. This caused a great sensation among the people. It was the sharp fall of a noble, of a gifted, man. It was the cause of much grief, of deep, heart-felt sorrow. It was more, it was a sin and crime against God and against His holy purpose. But there was no warning in the case; the bottle still held the fort. And the men who sat in judgment on the guilty brother were as jolly good fellows as other men, and as free and as popular as other men. They stood, not because they possessed a finer brain or were more resolute in their Master's service than the one who

was cast out, but because in physical build they resisted the inroads of alcoholic liquor. Strong drink finds in our best men the surest victims and the earliest victims. In this connection it may be well to here mention a fact. The fact is—No class of men in Scotland have benefited so much by teetotalism as the ministers of the Gospel have done—have done personally. In proof of this, we can appeal to Church history. About the dawn of our great movement the annual meetings of the churches unfolded sad examples of drink's doings. Much of the time of said meetings was taken up by dealing with drunks, finding such guilty, and turning them out of their pulpits. The tide rose till the marks left five in number as the annual record in one church connection thrown out by drink. One of such held meetings, and had public sympathy. He did not say he was not worthy of condemnation, but the men who condemned him drank more drink than he did. Such was the condition of things at the dawn of the Temperance reformation. All this is gone, or nearly so. One occasionally turns up—but only one—to be found guilty of drunkenness. The change brought about by our noble cause is more marked on the pulpit than in any other quarter. The importance and value of this turnover—this marked change—is not recognised as it ought to be. The salvation of the clergy, the removal of the stain, the clearer moral and religious condition secured for them and for us, should have brought ministers in a body to help and herald the good cause—to come over to be Soldiers of the Cross, fighting the good fight of a sound faith. There is no reason why the facts noted should remain under cover. Let the standard-bearers of Zion—the guides of the people now free—use their freedom in the salvation of other men; make their own position strong and sure—shining as the light of the world. Let us go on to another line of thought and of action. Mr. Tait made good use of what came under his notice. One day, he remarked, a miner's wife called. She said—'I am ashamed to come in.' 'Nothing of the kind,' said the missionary. 'You are welcome.' 'I have come to sign the pledge.' 'That is right; and it gives me much pleasure in seeing you make this resolve. I hope your husband will be the next.' 'I do not know, but I will try. You will get our children for your Band of Hope.'

A Change.

Two months after the incident just noticed, the miner's wife called again. Addressing the missionary, she said—'I am real done; my breath's away.' 'You are not that old,' broke in Mr. Tait. 'It is not age that troubles me. It is that long, weary hill to climb in coming up, and the bundle I have had to carry.' Opening up the bundle, she continued—'John's boots were sore done; here is a new pair. Our boy and girl were needing boots; here is a pair for each. Winter is coming on; here is a good pair of blankets. You see the stockings; a flannel and wincey shirts; three yards of stripe for skirt. This is all that comes my way; but it will be my turn next.' And the exhibition closed. And the missionary encouraged her to hold on—to look up—and greater blessings were in store for her and for her home and family. We may linger for a moment, standing on the vantage ground given us by the miner's wife. We ask—Where are the philosophers? where are the reformers? where are the humane, and the benevolent in our public assemblies? Mourning over the crime, the misery, and want of the thousands of sinning and suffering people? Have they shown their wisdom in finding a remedy for any of the many ills they deplore? They have not. The wound is deep, sore, and running, but they have no balm for the wound. The practical—the life-giving—wisdom of the miner's wife goes in advance of all the schemes or efforts of the combined agitators of the present day. What the two months' teetotalism did for the miner's family it will, if adopted, do for every family in Glasgow. Bundles of blessing would be given them to carry and to enjoy. On the other hand, retain the publican and the licensed grocer and the wasting and the withering influence they now possess, and to-day you may feed every starving one, and you may clothe every naked one, and next year you will have the same job to do, with increased numbers on the roll. The case stands without doubt or difficulty—shut the public-house and there is peace and plenty. All the great questions of the hour find in teetotalism a sound and sensible solution. The platform and the press should be told this. There is too much time given in furnishing crutches for the people, and in building bridges for them to hobble over. Let the people stand, let them walk, let them run, on their own legs, and the race will be crowned in success.

Independent—of What?

There is no freedom in serving our own will. 'I usually carry a cigar with me,' said a man who smokes but little, 'as a sort of declaration of independence.' He means, 'as evidence that I am not ready to be independent,'—but he would not have liked to put it just that way. To be independent of self is the only independence that brings real freedom. But independence of self is possible only by genuine bondage to One who is better than self. 'Free, as bondservants,' said Peter. Happy is the man who is independent enough to be the slave of Christ.—'Sunday School Times.'

Because so many of my friends have been slain by intoxicants, said Horace Greeley, I have an everlasting grudge against rum.

Work in Labrador.

WORD ONCE MORE FROM DR. GRENFELL.

SS. 'Strathcona,'
Off Hopedale, Labrador.

Dear Mr. Editor,—A long while has elapsed since my last letter was despatched to you from this coast. Circumstances obliged me to winter in the United States, and then run over to England before joining my vessel again. I was fortunate enough to meet at Cape Breton the steam yacht of a friend who was on his way as far north as Battle Harbor for a cruise, and so I was saved much time. We met each other at the house of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, at Baddeck, where the famous inventor of the telephone and many other things is carrying on a thousand varied experiments and inquiries, and in such diverse directions as to include aeronautics, hydroplanes, breeding sheep for multiple lambing, estimating food values of every wild plant, new methods of supplying sailors adrift with drinking water, etc. His most successful aeroplanes, in charge of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. McCurdy, were away performing trial feats on the Canadian military grounds at Petawawa. It was gratifying to see one of his large buildings labelled 'Canadian Aeronautical Company,' and to learn that Mr. Baldwin was so far in the forefront as to be already manufacturing for commercial purposes.

While discussing the value of aeromotors, Dr. Bell expressed his opinion that they could perfectly well be applied to sledge work; and stated, what was new to me, that the power derived from an aeromotor propeller of proper proportions will afford a shove equal to that of a propeller in water, and that for that purpose no unreasonable size of propeller is necessary. He has most generously undertaken to add to his labors by building such a motor sledge as he considers might be useful to us over the more level and barren lands that we compass on our journeys. It seems that after a speed of fifteen miles an hour is attained the sledge should lift, and though not leaving the surface altogether, should scarcely touch it at all, exactly as is the case with a hydroplane. The only trouble is the inequality of the snow surface, and at best the scheme at present seems to alter, rather than remove, the risks of the doctors' rounds in winter.

Heavy fog drove us into Sydney to wait for a time across, and here we fell in with several old Newfoundland friends who are well known now across the water. Mr. Fred Moore's schooner, the 'Bluejacket,' had only just left this port, we found, with a cargo of coal and cement for St. Anthony. On reaching Red Bay a few days later we were not a little rejoiced to find this stout little craft anchored there already on her way back again for a second cargo.

Our first port of call was Bonne Bay, on the west side of Newfoundland, where one of our nurses is putting in a summer's work. It did not take me long to find her out, though she seemed so constantly in demand that the last place that anyone would look for her would be her own house. This nurse, Miss Clara Wilson, was trained at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, and is one of those so generously giving her services quite freely. Small in stature, and light in weight, she circumvents the high hills like a deer; while being fearless on the water, and having a canoe of her own, she is independent of the winding arms of the fiord, around which the homes of her 'family' cluster. More than one man of the sea observed to me during the day that she takes what even they consider big risks in her frail little craft. It was very delightful to follow her at her request from home to home, and to be able here and there to advise and encourage her. Like the grapevine telegraph among the Blacks in the war time, some method seemed to exist of announcing our approach; for scarcely a single cottage door failed to open as we passed, and out of each of which popped some one with an invitation 'just to step in one minute,' and see some member of the household. It being Sunday, I had hoped to get back to evening service in one of the churches (for there are nearly a dozen buildings in this one bay belonging to the various denominations, which are set aside for divine worship), but the invitations to 'call in' came in such numbers that I couldn't help thinking of the oysters that answered to the invitation of the walrus and carpenter:

'Thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more.'

By the end of the day I had 'hall-marked' five cases to come for immediate operation to one of our hospitals—a poor woman with a large tumor, a little girl with intermittent appendicitis, a young fisherman with a severe disability caused by a sudden overstrain, a mother quite crippled by a knee capable of cure, and another fisherman needing an operation. To encourage two of these to set out on the long pilgrimage to our hospital, two hundred miles away, the good nurse found it necessary to promise to take them down there herself. When at last, standing on the beach, I said good night to the nurse, as I was about to go aboard our vessel, and she remarked: 'I'm sorry I made you miss the service, Doctor,' I could only say: 'Maybe, nurse, that perhaps the world hasn't yet learned to grade "services" as He who loves His children really values them.' To some it would seem odd that this woman is a Roman Catholic, and I a Protestant.

From a letter of the nurse's I take the following description: 'The scenery here is the most beautiful imaginable. It certainly is the very prettiest place—entirely surrounded by water and mountains. I have been living on salmon, trout, lobsters, and codfish tongues, which are perfectly delicious. On Sundays we have a huge plate of salt pork, cabbage, turnips and potatoes. I never felt quite so important in my life. People come to consult and gaze at me from far and wide. Indeed, I felt at first like a Coney Island monstrosity.'

Our next harbor lay at the mouth of a lovely bay with two fine salmon rivers in it. It is the southernmost limit of our winter sledge journeys. The people may be said to have been reared on lobster fishing, and nothing else, though they get abundant caribou to give them fresh meat in winter. The advent of salmon fishers and deer hunters has had a deleterious effect on many. While I was visiting the sick wife of one of the men, whose unfinished house showed that he was not overburdened with riches, I asked him: 'How are the lobsters this year?' 'I don't fish lobsters,' he answered. 'Cod, I suppose, then? I hear they are plentiful.' 'Us don't try the fishing here.' 'What are you doing, then, to make a living?' I asked. Well, I'se waiting for sports, such as them that came here last year.' The season is far advanced, and no 'sports' have so far arrived. The 'sport' season promises to be as lean as the lobster one.'

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

All shipments of clothing, supplies, etc., have gone forward from Montreal to Harrington for this season, and Miss Roddick has received acknowledgment of their safe arrival from Dr. Hare, who thanks the donors and describes the clothing sent this year as much better, on the whole,' than in previous seasons.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1909.

Paul a Prisoner—the Arrest.

Acts xxi., 27-39. Memory verse 39. Read Acts xxi., 17—xxii., 29.

Golden Text.

Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. II. Tim. ii., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 27.—Acts xxi., 17-26.
Tuesday, September 28.—Acts xxi., 27-40.
Wednesday, September 29.—Acts xxii., 1-16.
Thursday, September 30.—Acts xxii., 17-29.
Friday, October 1.—Luke xxiii., 8-23.
Saturday, October 2.—Acts xvi., 35-40.
Sunday, October 3.—Rev. ii., 1-11.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Before starting our lesson study let us all say the Golden Text over together carefully.—There is a word in that Golden Text that I am sure you are all interested in; what word do I mean? 'Soldier.' Do you like to see the soldiers go by? They look very trim and neat in their nice uniforms, don't they? Just as though they were having a fine time. And perhaps you sometimes feel that you would like to be a soldier, too. But do soldiers always have an easy time? Does our Golden Text say anything about a soldier having an easy time? No, it speaks about a soldier having to 'endure hardness.' It was Paul who wrote these words in a letter to a young man once. How did Paul know anything about soldiers? He used to see the soldiers everywhere he went, pretty nearly, and when he was a little boy going up to the services in the temple at Jerusalem he used to see them tramping up and down around a castle wall watching the people worshipping in the temple. For two whole years at one time in his life he had a soldier beside him all the time, day and night, and one time a band of soldiers came when he was in great danger and saved him from being killed by an angry mob of people. They had a hard time saving him, too, for the people crushed around them so that at last they had to pick Paul up and carry him to get him safely away. It is about that time that our lesson story tells to-day, and it was some of those soldiers from that castle by the temple in Jerusalem who saved him.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Paul's readiness to meet the objections of the Christian Jews on the place of their own belief, however much he may have advanced beyond it himself, proclaims him the broad-minded, great-souled man he was. He was a Jew himself, and for that matter, very proud of his nationality, but he had been fearlessly preaching the freedom of Christ to the Gentiles rather than the bondage of the law. He had not, however, himself neglected those Jewish observances and ceremonials in which Christ had lived, nor had he taught Jewish converts to neglect them. He was quite willing to prove as much by following the advice of the church in Jerusalem. How great had been the growth of this church is indicated in verse twenty. The unjustified attack on Paul, based on a mere assumption (verses 28, 29), was promoted by outsiders, Jews from Asia, some of whom perhaps, would recall the similar riot at Ephesus (Acts xix.), raised at that time by the Gentiles on an equally unfounded charge of sacrilege (Acts xix., 32), and the remembrance of how unsuccessful had been their attempt at the time to disclaim any connection with Paul (Acts xix., 33, 34), would make them all the more bitter against him when the opportunity offered. Their ready 'jumping at conclusions' carries its own lesson for each of us to-day. Paul's courteous form of address after the unwarranted rough handling and his acknowledgment of their 'zeal towards God' (Acts xxii., 3) compel our admiration again. He was one of them and understood their point of view and from this common ground he started his address. This record of the vision accorded him on the occasion of his first visit to Jerusalem (Acts xxii., 17-21) is of interest. It is well to notice how Luke brings out the fact that in any case where religious prejudice takes Paul before Roman authority he is declared free from blame (Acts xviii., 14; xix., 35-37; xxiii., 25-29; xxiv., 23; xxv., 24-27; xxvi., 32; xxviii., 30, 31). There are seven lessons in all in the series taken for study from the time of Paul's arrest in Jerusalem to his imprisonment in Rome. It should be noticed that the incidents of to-day's lesson occurred just twenty-seven years after the foundation of the Christian Church, for it was again the Pentecostal season which Paul had so earnestly desired to spend in Jerusalem (Acts xx., 16).

SELECTIONS).

Paul did not come alone to Jerusalem, but was accompanied by Luke, his beloved physician ('we'), Trophimus of Ephesus (Acts xxi., 29), and probably Aristarchus of Thessalonica (Acts xxvii., 2). Rendall thinks that all who are mentioned as beginning the journey with Paul (Acts xx., 4) continued with him to the end at Jerusalem; thus adding to those mentioned above, Sopater of Berea, Secundus of Thessalonica, Gaius of Berea, Secundus of Thessalonica, Gaius of Derbe, Timothy of Lystra, and Tychicus of Ephesus (Eph. vi., 21). The number and character of these men must have made an impression on the Christians of Jerusalem.

Verse 20.—Make no accusation which you can not prove, and believe no accusation which is not proved to you—is as good a rule for the street corner as for the court room.—'Youth's Companion.'

Verse 33.—'Bound with two chains.' One from each of his arms to a soldier on each side of him (compare Acts xii., 6). This secured the prisoner, yet left him free to walk away with his guards when the detachment was marched off. The prophecy of Agabus was here fulfilled (Acts xxi., 11).

Verse 35.—'He was borne of the soldiers.' 'No sooner had he got on the stairs which led up to the top of the cloister, and so into the fortress, than the mob, afraid that they were going to be baulked of their vengeance, made another rush at him, with yells of "kill him! kill him!" and Paul, unable in his tettered condition to steady himself, was carried off his legs, and hurried along in the arms of the surrounding soldiers.'—Farrar.

Verse 38.—'Art thou not then the Egyptian'? 'The Egyptian' is twice mentioned by Josephus: in his 'Jewish War' he says he had thirty thousand followers; and led a rabble out of Jerusalem, promising to show them that the walls would fall down at his command. A large portion of them were killed or captured by the Procurator Felix; in his 'Antiquities' he says fourteen thousand were slain.—'The Assassins.' They were the 'Sicarii,' 'men of the dagger,' members of a secret society.

Verse 39.—Citizenship implied much more in ancient times than it means now. We can now migrate to a new city, and almost immediately acquire citizenship there, losing it in our former home. But in ancient days the Tarsian who migrated to another city continued to rank as a Tarsian, and Tarsus was still his Fatherland, while in his new home he was merely a resident alien. His descendants, too, continued to be mere resident aliens. Occasionally, and as a special compliment, a resident alien was granted the citizenship with his descendants, but a special enactment was needed in each individual case and family. The city that was his Fatherland and his home mattered much to Paul. It had a place in his heart.—W. M. Ramsay, in 'Pauline and Other Studies.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 3.—Topic—In everything give thanks. I. Thess. v., 18. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, September 27.—The eternal purpose. Eph. i., 1-14; ii., 10.

Tuesday, September 28.—My great desire. Eph. v., 22—vi., 9.

Wednesday, September 29.—My spiritual resurrection. Eph. ii., 1-10.

Thursday, September 30.—The old man and the new. Eph. iv., 17-25.

Friday, October 1.—Walking in the light. Eph. v., 1-21.

Saturday, October 2.—Social relationships. Eph. v., 22—6., 9.

Sunday, October 3.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the book of Ephesians. Eph. iv., 1-6, 25-32. (Consecration meeting).

How the Absent Teacher Works.

I was a 'last' resort.' The superintendent frankly admitted that he could think of no one else to ask to take the class, which consisted of seven bright-eyed girls. Friends advised me not to take up the work, for they said, 'You are at home only five months in the year, and the children will become indifferent, and drift away from Sunday-school if they do not have a permanent teacher.' But out of pity for the superintendent I consented to teach the class until another teacher could be found.

Seven years have passed. I still have the class, and not only has it kept together, but it has grown larger. How has it been done? By showing a loving interest in the girls whether I have been at home or on the other side of the continent.

First, with the consent of the superintendent, I provide my own substitute. I talk the matter over with my class, and together we decide on a teacher. Thus they do not have an unwelcome teacher forced upon them. They have a choice in the matter, and they are loyal to that choice.

Second.—At a certain hour each day we read the Home Readings connected with the lesson. So once, at least, during the day we feel that we are close to each other.

Third.—We keep in close touch by letters. Last winter, out of a class of thirteen, I received letters from all but one. Several of the girls wrote every week, and the others wrote frequently. In these letters I have their full confidence. I know their friends, their home and school associations, their doubts and perplexities.

In return, I answer every letter. Sometimes it is a heart-to-heart talk, sometimes a word of encouragement, sometimes a bit of advice, but I always try to show that absence is not a barrier between us. Then my girls and I travel together by means of illustrated letters. I send post cards, curios, pressed flowers, books, anything I can find that will give them a better understanding of the wonderful country in which we live.

Fourth.—Holidays are always remembered by some little trifle indicative of the spirit of the day. A birthday calls for the tenderest, most helpful letter that it is possible for me to write.

Fifth.—A class record is kept during my absence by one of the members of the class. I provide a dainty note-book,—for girls love dainty things,—and in this book is kept a record of each pupil's attendance at church and Sunday-school, preparation and recitation of the lesson, behavior, punctuality, and amount of money given. This book is sent to me just before my return, and then, after it has been carefully examined, I send a message to every girl, expressing my pleasure or disappointment, as the case may be, although I seldom have reason to be disappointed.

You say, 'But all this takes time and money!' What does not that is worth while? And yet the expenditure of money need not be great, and surely one can deny one's self a few things for the sake of giving help and pleasure to these pure young lives. As for the time, an average of less than one hour a day will probably be sufficient, unless the class is much larger than mine.

I have not a model class, but together we are striving to show our loyalty and love to the Sunday-school, where we learn of Him who is the children's Friend.—'A Massachusetts Teacher.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Bottles' Grave Yard.

This is a picture that will appeal to the imagination of the young and to the experience of the old.

A few things make life worth while. Among them friendship, ambition, self-respect, honesty.

All of these and many others are put away in the graves that are dug by drink.

* * * *

It is hard to reform a man far down the hill.

But it is not hard to fill with hatred and

fear of drink the young that are still free from it, or those that are only beginning.

Make clear to the young men, and especially to children, the road that leads to this graveyard. Let them know that the road is a steep hill, that gets steeper and steeper as it goes down.

At the top you can stop in safety and look into the dark graveyard at the foot.

A few steps down, and you can still turn around—but it soon becomes too late.

There is hardly a home in the land that has not a member in need of this picture. Use it. —'New York American.'

A Patient Sufferer.

'Why don't he come? He never treated me this way before. I am so thirsty and hungry! Why don't he come?'

'Twas only a gray pony which thus mused to itself as it stood tied in front of a nearby saloon in Cottonwood one day last week.

Hour after hour went by.

Higher and higher climbed the hot sun, lower and lower drooped the head of the patient little pony.

'It was only half-past five when my master fed and watered me this morning and I was so proud when he saddled and bridled me, for this is the first time he has ridden me into town. He usually walks as we live so near.'

'I know it must be dinner time. I am hungry and oh, so thirsty, and it is getting too warm here now.

'There is my master. At last he will care for me! Why, what does this mean? This is where people walk. My master never rode me up and down on a sidewalk before. What ails him, I wonder. He doesn't feel right in the saddle and his hand is unsteady on the rein. Can it be he is going to tie me here again? Please, master, give me feed and water, just a little water.

'He has gone in that building again. I can't understand why he stays in there so long.'

Again the patient head sank low. From foot to foot the weight of the body was shifted and time crept on.

'There is my master again! I will not act as if I suffered. I will put up my head and prick up my ears to welcome him.

'Why, see! He has fallen. He is crawling up those steps to that place again. Is he sick? Poor master!

'I am so tired, so hungry and so thirsty. Why must I be punished like this? I have always been a patient, gentle horse. If I could only reach that trough by that pump right there perhaps there is water in it and yonder is a little green grass. How good it would taste! My mouth is so dry and the sun is hot and the saddle on my back makes me sweat.'

The long afternoon wore away. Supper time came and went.

'What does this mean? This is not my master. Where am I being led? I don't think I want to go without my master.

'What is that I see? A pump and horses drinking? Hurry and take me there. Water —water at last! It is so good, so good!'

Burying its nose deep in the cool water the poor little animal, which had gone without food or water for nearly fourteen hours, drank its fill. In the livery barn it was fed and passed most of the night before its master came to take it away.

If the Great God heeds the fall of a sparrow, He noted the suffering of this poor dumb brute and will not let the cruelty of the owner go unpunished, for he is a Just God.—'Stanley County (S. D.) Register.'

Tom's Graven Image.

(Harriet Winton Davis, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

The new maid was depressing. Tom said he felt as if he had slain all her nearest of kin every time she spoke to him. What was the use of going around with such a preternaturally long face anyway? Bridget was always so nice and jolly. Eva, too, missed the smiling, freckled countenance. Bridget had been a part of the little household so long that it seemed unnatural to see this solemn stranger in her place, but when the old mother had need of her who would bid her stay?

It did seem a little hard, though, that Aunt Marion should have to go away, too, throwing the cares of housekeeping so suddenly on Eva's unaccustomed shoulders. Her school days had been so happy, and she realized with a little pang that they were over forever; but after all she was glad. It was pleasant to be at home. She had just finished arranging the books she had unpacked, stopping occasionally to dip into one when her brother opened the door.

'Where's that graven image going now, Eva?' he asked, 'I met her headed for the street with her bonnet on?'

'Who—Olga? Oh, she's going to Carmel to get some things she left there. She's coming back on the four o'clock train.'

Tom groaned. 'I hoped she had taken her form from off our door permanently. Really, Eva,' he said, 'she'll have a blighting effect upon us all. I can feel even my sweet sunshiny spirit being gradually crushed out. I am not the same merry youth I was before this thing of evil appeared to us.'

'Oh, Tom,' Eva laughed.

'Well, if I'm to be housekeeper I mustn't idle away any more time here,' Eva said, and started up attic to investigate the leak Olga had reported to her. 'What a forlorn place,' she thought, as she opened Olga's door. It was only in the centre of the room that one could stand upright. The one small window admitted little light or air. The uncovered floor was rough, the walls bare, while various discolorations overhead showed that this was not the first time the roof had sprung a leak.

'The poor girl! No wonder she can't smile —with such a room as this, and to think of dear, patient Bridget having it all these years! It's too bad. I shouldn't think Aunt Marion would have allowed things to go so.'

Then Eva fell to wondering as to how they could improve matters. Of course the first thing was to repair the leaky roof, and perhaps the walls could be papered. That would make it a little better. Some of the furniture looked shabby, too. If there was only a decent bureau and a more comfortable chair, and oh, what a looking-glass! Eva thought, as she glanced into the littled cracked mirror that hung by a twine string from a nail. 'Poor thing, I pity her if she thinks she looks as she does in that.' Wasn't there anything that could be spared from somewhere else to make this room more attractive? But even then it could not help being stuffy. Suddenly a thought struck her.

'If Olga could only have the old playroom downstairs! That was so nice and cool, it's too bad to use it just for a storeroom,' and she opened the door and looked in. It was not very large, but the double window was wide and shaded by the spreading branches of the great apple tree. Often, as a child, Eva had stood there and broken off the pink blossoms that fairly tapped on the panes, as if calling attention to their own loveliness. She remembered how Aunt Marion used to warn her that for every one she picked a big apple might be lost, but the roseate clusters were too alluring; there were always so many apples anyway—more than they could eat. Eva gave a little sigh as she thought of the childish days, and then she turned her mind to the business in hand. 'She must have it—it's just the thing,' she said aloud in her eagerness, 'I'll ask papa as soon as he comes in.'

Then she saw Tom on the lawn, teaching the half-grown puppy to jump over a stick

'Oh, Tom, please come in here a minute,' she called, and hurried down the stairs.

'Well, what is it, Sis?' he asked, as he flung himself on the lounge. He listened in silence to her plans, then he looked at her critically for a moment. 'You're not a bad kind of a girl, Eva,' he said; 'you mean well. However, I think we'd better continue the roasting process. I'm afraid she'll stay if we make her too comfortable. Let's leave her in the attic.'

'Oh, Tom, please help m. I want to change things right away, if Papa is willing,' she said coaxingly.

'Couldn't possibly, my child, I'm going down to the Point fishing. Run along now, little girl, don't tease,' and he waved his hand in dismissal.

Eva looked disappointed, but she did not wonder that Rocky Point was attractive that lovely morning, and, besides, Tom seemed to dislike Olga so, anyway. She hoped her father would be more sympathetic. Tom was watching her out of the corner of his black eye.

'Eva,' he said presently, 'my new line has got into an awful mixup. Can't you do something with it? My fingers seem all thumbs when I try.'

Eva's slim white fingers were so dexterous in untangling the refractory knots that there was no danger of mistaking them for thumbs.

'I'll bring you home some of the nicest fish you ever laid your eyes on, for your dinner, Tom said as he wound up his line.

Eva thought she would a good deal rather have his help at home, but she only smiled and said she would be ready for them. Tom went off whistling, with the dog at his heels. Eva busied herself about the house until her father came in, then she took him upstairs to show him the leak.

'Whew, but this is hot!' he said as he mounted the attic stairs.

'Just think, papa, how bad it must be to sleep here. See what a miserable little room,' she said as she opened Olga's door. She gave him a chance to examine the leak and then she la'd the case before him—briefly, for her father had taken a newspaper from his pocket and was vigorously fanning himself.

'Of course let her have the room if you want to, Eva. I think myself it's better to use a good comfortable room like that for a human being than to keep it just to stow away a lot of traps in,' he said as they reached a cooler atmosphere. 'I declare I don't see how old Biddy stood that attic so long.' Then he added: 'Your aunt is a mighty good woman, but I must say she did let things go surprisingly. However, you're housekeeper here now, and we'll see how you make out,' and he pinched her ear.

To Eva's surprise she found Tom in the sitting-room. He listened silently while she and his father discussed the change.

'I thought it would be so nice to get it all done while Olga is away and surprise her with it,' Eva said, 'but I don't suppose we could. She'd have to be here to help.'

'What's the reason we couldn't?' Tom asked. 'I'll go over and get Mrs. Ryan; she's always ready for a job. I guess she and I can manage it, with you to boss us.'

'Oh, Tom, you dear boy,' Eva said delightedly. Then her face shaded. 'But you were going to the Point. Ross Barker said yesterday the fish were fairly jumping out of the water.'

'Oh, I know they're just dying to be caught but they'll have to wait a while. I've got some other fish to try now,' and Tom picked up his hat. Mrs. Ryan promptly appeared and they were soon ready for work. Tom took command like a general.

'Now, if there's any of this stuff you want left down here, Sis, just pick it out and we'll cart the rest up to the attic in a hurry,' he said to her.

Several pictures that had been marvels of beauty in her childish eyes were hanging in their old places.

'We'll leave them just where they are, they look so pretty,' she told Tom.

The old green and brown roses on which they used to play still carpeted the floor.

'Ingrains are powerful things to wear,' Mrs. Ryan said.

The neat bureau with its glass into which one could gaze without loss of self-respect, a small table, a rocker that needed only a very little of Tom's mechanical assistance to become a cozy resting place were to be left, while the few things pronounced worthy were brought down from Olga's room.

'Perhaps she would rather take those out herself,' Eva had said when Mrs. Ryan proposed transferring the contents of the bureau drawers. 'I'm so glad this bureau can lock up,' Eva thought. 'She will feel as if she had a little more privacy.'

'I guess that Olga's a pretty good girl,' Mrs. Ryan said to her in an interval of rest. 'I know some folks that lived near where she come from.' Then she repeated what they had said, how Olga had wanted to fit herself for teaching, but had put aside her own wishes to care for her brother's motherless children, and how, after she had grown to feel as if they were like her own, he had married again, and then somehow she had been made to know there was no place there any longer for her, and she had resolved to go into service. 'But they say she ain't never been the same since. It kind o' broke her all up. Poor thing!' Mrs. Ryan added sympathetically, 'she seems awful sad.'

Eva listened with a heart full of pity. 'Oh, how could they treat her so?' she said to Tom when Mrs. Ryan went up stairs for something. 'I'm going to do all I can to make up to her for it.'

Tom said he didn't believe in the whipping-post, but he thought a man who would treat his sister like that came mighty near deserving it. Then he pounded a loose tack into the carpet with a great deal of unnecessary force.

It was nearly four o'clock when Mrs. Ryan, with arms akimbo, announced that 'there didn't seem to be nothing more that she could do,' adding, as she surveyed the room with a satisfied smile, 'It certainly do look grand!'

Eva moved around the room, adding the finishing touches tenderly.

'It will give her a little homey feeling,' she thought; and the words, 'He setteth the solitary in families,' came into her mind. Or perhaps they had been there all the time.

'Wait a minute for me, Tom,' she called over the balustrade, as she ran lightly up to her own room. She took a pretty vase from the mantel and, opening a drawer, selected a dainty table scarf. When she went downstairs Tom was busy near the window.

'Oh, what's that, Tom?' she cried.

'Oh, nothing but an extra shelf I had. I thought it might come in good for her to put something on. This seems to be a good place for it,' and he tried to look indifferent.

'Oh, what lovely carving! You do make such pretty things! Tom,' she added, rubbing her face against his cheek, 'how good you are!'

The shelf was hardly in position when they heard Olga on the stairs.

'She's on her way up to that dreadful room, Eva whispered, but Tom had disappeared. Then she called: 'Olga, come in here a minute. I want you to see this room since we cleared it out. Isn't it improved?'

'It looks beautiful,' Olga answered, but looking very much like the graven image Tom had called her.

Eva grew a little embarrassed. 'We fixed it for you, Olga. That other room isn't comfortable and I'm sorry you ever had it. Try that rocking chair, Olga,' and she pushed it toward the window. Olga obeyed mechanically.

'Do you really mean,' she asked, looking at her in a dull surprise, 'that you have done all this—taken all this trouble just for me?'

'But Olga,' Eva said, 'we enjoyed it, we didn't think it was a trouble. We wanted to do something to make you happier. You deserve to be happy, and we want you to feel that you have a real home here.' Then, with a thought of the disappointed hopes, 'you can have some of my books if you want to study, Olga, and I'd love to help you about anything.'

But Olga was crying quietly. Eva looked at her in distress, with the tears in her own eyes. She did not know what to say, but she took the hand that had done so much for others and gently pressed it.

Olga raised her head. 'Some way I've been just ready to give up. I've felt as if I didn't care what happened. Nobody else seemed to care either, and the heart's just been taken out of me.' Then she steadied her voice. 'But it does not seem so lonesome now. It isn't just the beautiful room, but it's the thinking about me—to know that somebody cares,' and she smiled through her tears. Tom ought to have been there to see the graven image then!

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Dissected Counties.

Who Can Guess What They Are?

In each sentence are words that when joined form the name of a country.

1. There should be a more united effort to drive the saloon from all States tolerating it.
2. All kings and queens should help drive the liquor traffic from the land they control.
3. Fight the evil germ everywhere and in any shape in which you find it.
4. The den is responsible for many a bad mark and 'wounds without cause.'
5. Even a bear's cub is more intelligent than a drunken man.
6. He bears a mark on his chin that tells of a drunken brawl.
7. He can pass the dens of evil if Ada, his wife, is with him.
8. Young man, don't patronize the saloon, nor favor it in any way.
9. For verily the saloon is a net, and doth ruin those who follow her in all lands.—'C. E. World.'

A Postage Stamp a Week.

(The Rev. Ernest B. Allen, in the 'Congregationalist.')

Whatever gets our money gets us. Money is stored manhood and womanhood. How much of the energy of your character, stored up in money, does God's Kingdom get from you? Are you worth a dollar a year to the Kingdom?

What would it mean for our young people to average a dollar a year apiece? Give it fair figuring and omit not Christ's love for you! A dollar a year would mean:

One postage stamp a week!
A street-car fare once in three weeks!
An ice-cream soda once in three weeks!
Two lecture tickets a year!
One book a year!
A bit of ribbon, plus a handkerchief or two, a year!
A tie, or two, and a trinket a year!
Absence from one football game!

A postage stamp a week! It looks small, doesn't it, to put that away?

And yet a postage stamp a week from every member of the Church in the United States would yield the immense amount of $20,000,000 a year for evangelizing the world.

Religious News.

The Christian Papuans of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, New Guinea, are showing signs of growth in grace. Missionary Kayseer of the Neuendettelsan Society reports that four young men of his congregation came to him in the spring of 1908 and offered themselves as missionaries to the heathen. In the fall they were sent as messengers of the Gospel to the Hupes, a heathen tribe in the interior of the island. A few years ago none would have dared to prophesy such growth in grace of these converts from heatherism.

The Sudan Pioneer Mission, founded in 1900, has as its only field the Egyptian Sudan, where it supports the two stations at Assuan and Daran. Its missionary force consists of 5 Europeans, among them 1 physician, 2 native evangelists and 1 native lady teacher. Its work consists in preaching and teaching, in Bible and tract distribution, and in medical missionary work. The school for girls in Assuan had an attendance from 55 to 80, while work among the women was commenced. The native evangelist Hisseyn translated the Gospel according to John into the Nubian language, and this, the first part of the Bible ever translated into that language, will be soon published in Germany. The wonderfully large income of the mission from all sources in 1908 amounted to almost $18,500, so that a balance of more than $14,000 remained in the treasury at the close of the year.

Two Medicine Men of the 'Great Land.'

(Ruth G. Winant, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

In the tiny village of Nuwuk, ten miles north of Oot-ke-ah-ve, near Point Barrow, Alaska, in a tupec built partly underground lived Grandmother Okiakuta, her daughter Pingassuk, and the latter's little boy Elignak.

The only visible part of their home was the top, which was roofed over with dirt and supported by whale jaws and ribs for rafters. Here, all through the long night of winter when from November 19 to January 23 the sun never appears above the horizon, Okiakuta and her grandson Elignak tried to amuse themselves while Pingassuk went out to work for the three. Okiakuta was nearly a hundred years old,—too old to work; Elignak was a hundred divided by ten,—too young to work, and unable to do the lightest sort of work as he was a cripple.

It happened this way: Daunak, Elignak's father, had been a whaler, and three years before our story had taken his boy with him on the big ship. One night a storm arose, and Elignak, ordered below deck, tumbled down the stairs instead of walking, and ever since his back had ached and ached with an unending pain, and he had been unable to stand upon his feet. At first it wasn't so hard, for his father would carry him when his back pained from lying on the earthen floor, that double Indian blankets could not make soft, but the father had died, and now, save for the rare visits of Uncle Max, who never found his nephew too heavy a load, Elignak lay on his rude bed. Woecsha came, too, to this home, but from him, though he never knew why, Elignak shrank in terror.

It was the twelfth of January, and when the day's work was done Woecsha came in, calling loudly for his walrus dinner, and taking to himself a small saucer of molasses set down by Elignak's bed. 'Well, Pingassuk, he began, 'I hear the medicine-man is in Nuwuk to-night. Shall I send him to see the boy to-morrow?' And Pingassuk said 'Yes.'

The next day at noon, when for a few moments the reflected rays of light from the sun relieve the darkness, Elignak, heard the beating of drums, and soon there followed the noise,—not the music,—of a wild, weird song. Terror-stricken, Elignak covered his head with his blanket, and feigned sleep. Noisily the medicine-man entered the tupec, and to pretend longer to be asleep amid such wild shrieks would have been foolish, and Elignak pulled the covers from off his face, to see before him a wild-eyed, half-crazy individual, about whose neck were hung the teeth of wild animals, the rattles of snakes, bits of calico, and the remains of an American watch. These were charms. The moving of the bed-clothes revealed to the medicine-man his patient, before whom and around whose bed he began to dance wildly, waving his snake rattles as he danced, and lashing the air with bright bits of worsted. While he danced, his assistants beat tom-toms, while the old grandmother prayed aloud to the wild-fowl, the badger and the owl. For two hours the performance lasted, and then leaving a prescription composed of three rattles of a snake ground to power, and crushed red poppy seed, he went on his way, and with gladness Elignak heard the sound of tom-toms grow dim in the distance, and the noise of the so-called 'song' die away in the dark.

For two weeks after the visit of the medicine-man, Elignak grew steadily worse, and kind Uncle Max, the only Christian in Nuwuk, more and more troubled about the boy, and on the twenty-second of January he carried him for hours in his strong arms, until at last he fell asleep. Gently Uncle Max laid him down on his rude bed, and then beckoned Pingassuk out into the cold night air.

'Pingassuk,' began her brother, 'you don't believe the Jesus way, and you have never let me talk to you about it, but the boy is sick, and the Jesus-medicine-man is coming through Nuwuk to-morrow, and since your medicine-man has done Elignak no good, will you let me send this man to you when the sun rises to-morrow.'

At first Pingassuk demurred, but with the hope of bringing health to her child, she finally consented to have this new Jesus-medicine-man come.

'To be continued.)

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

'I will now give you a picture from Frankfort,' said the Moon. 'I especially noticed one building there. It was not the house in which Goethe was born, nor the old Council House, through whose grated windows peered the horns of the oxen that were roasted and given to the people when the emperors were crowned. No, it was a private house, plain in appearance, and painted green. It stood near the old Jews' Street. It was Rothschild's house.

LITTLE BERTEL'S AMBITION.

'I looked through the open door. The staircase was brilliantly lighted: servants carrying wax candles in massive silver candlesticks stood there, and bowed low before an old woman, who was being brought downstairs in a litter. The proprietor of the house stood bare-headed, and respectfully imprinted a kiss on the hand of the old woman. She was his mother. She nodded in a friendly manner to

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

him and to the servants, and they carried her into the dark narrow street, into a little house, that was her dwelling. Here her children had been born, from hence the fortune of the family had arisen. If she deserted the despised street and the little house, fortune would also desert her children. That was her firm belief.'

The Moon told me no more; his visit this evening was far too short. But I thought of the old woman in the narrow despised street. It would have cost her but a word, and a brilliant house would have arisen for her on the banks of the Thames—a word, and a villa would have been prepared in the Bay of Naples.

'If I deserted the lowly house, where the fortunes of my sons first began to bloom, fortune would desert them!' It was a superstition, but a superstition of such a class, that he who knows the story and has seen this picture, need have only two words placed under the picture to make him understand it; and these two words are: 'A mother.'

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

'It was yesterday, in the morning twilight'—these are the words the Moon told me—'in the great city no chimney was yet smoking—and it was just at the chimneys that I was looking. Suddenly a little head emerged from one of them, and then half a body, the arms resting on the rim of the chimney-pot. "Ya-hip! ya-hip!" cried a voice. It was the little chimney-sweeper, who had for the first time in his life crept through a chimney, and stuck out his head at the top. "Ya-hip! ya-hip!" Yes, certainly that was a very different thing to creeping about in the dark narrow chimneys! the air blew so fresh, and he could look over the whole city towards the green wood. The sun was just rising. It shone round and great, just in his face, that beamed with triumph, though it was very prettily blacked with soot.

'"The whole town can see me now," he exclaimed, "and the moon can see me now, and the sun, too. Ya-hip! ya-hip!" And he flourished his broom in triumph.'

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Giant.

'Do tell me why the kettle's lid
Is moving up and down?
And why that smoke comes puffing out
So fiercely from the kettle's spout?
It sprinkles, see, your gown!'

'Ah! Charlie, boy, you do not know
That under that small lid
A giant, powerful and strong,
Who pushes ships and trains along,
Is in the kettle hid.'

'A real giant! Oh, mamma!
You must be in a dream.'

'No dream, my child; the slave of man,
He does more work than horses can:
The giant's name is Steam.

'Giants of old were mighty men,
Who mighty deeds could do;
So, when one does the work of ten,
In digging mine, or draining fen,
We call him giant too.

'And Steam has strength for work so vast
You can no giant name,
In all the books, from first to last,
Which tell the story of the past,
That ever did the same.

'And you, my boy, will learn one day,
How that which moves the lid
Can with the ponderous piston play,
And make the fly-wheel spin away,
And work as it is bid.'

—'Chatterbox.'

A Yellow Spider.

In a wood lived a beautiful yellow spider, flat in the body, with long legs in front and short ones behind, who could walk quite as easily sideways as straight on or backwards, in all of which she much resembled a crab.

Hunger awoke this poor spider very early one morning, for she had tasted no food for a fortnight, and her heart was set upon catching a fly. The question was, how was this to be done? Unlike her cousins and nieces, she was not clever at spinning a web, nor had she sufficient spinning glands, so she went a-hunting instead.

She trotted away till she came to a little sunny clearing in the wood, where she looked about her, like a true sportsman, for a suitable spot in which to lie hidden. There were many red, blue, and white flowers about, but these would not serve her purpose, for, had she seated herself on one of these, her golden body would have stood out from them, and the first swallow flying by, or the finch on the nearest tree, would have spied her at once, and would have caught and eaten her. So she looked about for a yellow flower, and saw, in the middle of the meadow, a fine head of rag-wort, its many blossoms shining as golden as her own body, and clustering together in a lovely bunch smelling of sweetness and honey. To this the spider came, and climbed up the stalk from leaf to leaf till she reached the flowers, where she lay down, flattening herself on the top of them and stretching out her legs in front, ready for a catch. The eight eyes on her head were busy peering about for the approach of flies, and with her ears she listened for their buzzing, whilst her body lay immovable. Up came a beautiful golden green fly looking for honey to sip and pollen to eat, when he caught sight of the yellow rag-wort. As it smelt so sweet he made sure that its honey would taste delicious, and so, thinking himself very clever to have found what he wanted, he flew straight to it and settled in the middle of the blossom. He dived down into the heart of the flower and drank of the sweet honey.

But the spider had her eye upon the fly, and step by step she crept near and ever nearer, till, with one bound, she fell upon him and killed him. When she had finished feasting she built a little chamber with her threads among the stalks of the cluster of flowers. In it she laid her eggs, securely sheltered in a little sack which she spun, till the young spiders crept merrily out of it.

So the rag-wort was a great boon to the yellow spider, but a death-trap to the fly. It does not do to think about the honey in the flower only; one must look out for possible dangers lurking near.—Richard Wagner.

Japanese Top-spinner.

A Japanese student of medicine was showing a group of Americans what he could do in the way of top-spinning. He took up a big, yellow top shaped like a chrysanthemum, wrapped a silk cord about it and threw it down. It spun

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beautifully, this huge flower, and out of it, all of a sudden, a half dozen smaller flowers leaped and spun in their turn about the floor.

'A chrysanthemum top,' said the young man. 'Here is a bird top.'

He corded and threw down a top that resembled a gorgeous bird. This top, as it spun, opened and closed its wings and made long leaps to left and right in imitation of a bird flight. The Japanese student wound a red top as big as his head and hurled it violently straight at one of his guests. It shot through the air till it was within a few inches of the frightened young man's face, and then, as though by magic, turned and darted back again, and the student caught it on his plam and held it there, still spinning.

'This is a boomerang top,' he said. And again he threw it across the room, and again it shot back, still spinning, to his hand.

The young man now set going simultaneously a dozen small tops of red and yellow and green paper. They looked plain and commonplace as they spun, but suddenly they began to open out, and one became a ladder, another a lantern, a third a ship, a fourth a branch of cherry blossoms, and so on.

'The Chinese,' said the student, 'are noted for their kites. Why is it that we Japanese are not equally noted for our tops? All over our country we spin tops, and my little exhibition here would seem poor and mean beside the one that a really expert spinner could give you in Japan.'—'In Mission Lands.'

A Little Sermon for Little People.

'Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me.'
Matt. xix. 14.

Jesus Christ was a very great person—the greatest that ever lived. He did many wonderful things, and spoke many wonderful words; and one of the most wonderful was His wanting little children to be brought to Him, and His inviting them to come. For very great people do not generally want, as they would say, 'to be troubled with children—they have too much to think about—too much to do.' Now, every child—no matter how small, or how poor—may say, 'I know that Jesus wants me.'

And the reason that Jesus wants you children is because He loves you. If He did not love you, perhaps He might be too great, and too occupied about great things to think of little folk like you. But you see He does love you; and that makes all the difference.

There was once a little girl who had several apples; and she picked out the rosiest to give to a sick child she knew of. Her cousin, who saw her do it, said, 'Do you think that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of big folks to notice us much.'

The little girl's name was Winnie; and she shook her head and pointed to her [illegible], who had just lifted the baby out of his crib. 'Do you think,' said Winnie, 'that mamma is so busy with the big folks—helping the girls off to school, and papa to his office—that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of baby first because he's the littlest, and needs it most. Surely God knows how to love us, as well as mother.'

That little girl was a good preacher; and if she had been a boy I should have said, I hope he'll grow up to be a man, and become a minister, and preach this very truth all his life.'

Now, first of all, I want you to get it well into your mind that Christ loves you. You think about father's or mother's love; and you are sure of it—be just as sure of Christ's—indeed it would be a good thing if you sometimes said to yourself, 'Jesus loves me'—yes, if you sang it, when you are merry—and if you thought over it, when you are sad; saying 'Me—me—me—Jesus loves me.'

And, if He loves you, He wants you. We all of us want to have the things we like, and to have those we love with us. And so the blessed Jesus wants all the children to come to Him.

Now you, dear children, must think that you are wanted. Say to yourself, 'I am one of the people that Jesus Christ wants; therefore, when I go to Him, and say 'Blessed Jesus, here I am,' I am sure that He will be glad to see me.'

Jesus is very glad to see children when they come to Him for the first time, and say to Him, 'O Jesus, wash away my sins;' and then afterwards, whenever they come to Him that they love Him, even when they are not asking anything from Him at all.

Let these two beautiful thoughts then fix themselves in your minds—Jesus loves me—Jesus wants me.—'Light in the Home.'

The Story the Penny Told.

I've been in such a funny place! Guess where it was. It was in Charlie's pocket. At first is was very dark down there; but before I came away I was acquainted with many friends; a string, five buttons, a piece of chalk, six marbles, a firecracker, and a match. There were others that I did not have time to be introduced to.

Yesterday Charlie went into a candy store three times, and each time I felt a fat warm hand feeling 'round among the marbles and string until he found me. He squeezed me pretty tight. I heard him say something about birthday penny and thank-offering to himself, then he let me drop back to my friends again.

Once he put me on the counter, but picked me up quickly, and I heard him say: 'I was seven years old yesterday! Guess I'm not going to buy any candy with it!'

To-day Charlie brought me to the Mission Band with six other pennies. They said they were going 'way off to help build a school in China. I like the looks of those pennies, and I guess I'll be glad to go with them and help. Good by.—Selected.

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To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

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We are glad to welcome to our ranks Dorothy E. White, B., Ont., and Alberta Young, O. S., Ont., the two new members for this week.

IS IT MUCH?

Is it much or is it little
God has given you to do
Is it what you would have chosen?
Never mind, 'tis best for you.

And whate'er it may be, do it
Bravely, gladly, in God's sight.
Don't forget He always sees you;
Do it then with all your might.

Never mind though it be only
Some poor simple daily task.
To God's glory you can do it;
Higher aim you could not ask.

And remember, every action
Though by man unseen, unknown,
Will not be by God forgotten
When you stand before His throne.

'Whatsoever'; 'tis not only
Mighty deeds of world-wide fame.
Earning for us earthly glory
And a widely honored name.

But 'tis every little action
Though you think it matters not;
In God's book it will be written
Clearly, plainly, without blot.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I thought I would like to. I live on a farm and have lots of work to do. We have finished threshing. I have not begun school yet but hope to start soon. I guess this is all.

R. H. T.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old and will be eleven in September. I live on the Manitoulin Island, five miles from Lake Huron, and one and three-quarters from Lake Mindemaya; although I cannot go there to play with my boats, I have a bath-tub at home and I have lots of fun with that. We have a horse, a cow and a calf, a little pig and two little bunnies, Tippy and Susie. Both are very tame and nice, and will come and drink milk as I hold the dish in my hand. I like your paper very much and wish you much success in your work.

CECIL A. MARKS.

N. L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live by the sea-shore, and sometimes I go in bathing. I go to school almost every day I can. I am in Grade V and have been going to school for four years. There is a boat that goes to Windsor every day from here, and the name of the boat is 'Jessie.' We have a cow, and chickens and hens, and three cats. I live near the plaster quarry. We have eight weeks of holidays. The men built a large wharf, and there are barges coming in very often. I almost always go down aboard of them.

MARION L. HILL.

E., N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I go to school every day now, though I had asthma so badly about a year ago I could not go nearly all the time. I am well now and can go and play or do anything I want to. Well, I must not forget to tell you that I have a brother eighteen years old and weighing 80 pounds.

RICHARD SHELLEY.

K., Man.

Dear Editor,—Here I am again. I hope you will not think I am coming too often, for this is my third letter. I always enjoy reading the correspondence page. I joined the R. L. K. last winter, but I am afraid I do not keep my promises as well as I should. I wonder if any other member finds it as hard as I do. For pets I have two cats and a cow, also a number of small fish in a barrel of water. I have not been out of the house for nearly two months, for I cannot walk without crutches, but I am getting better now. Well, I will close, hoping to see this in print.

RETA ANDERSON.

[Glad to have you come again, Reta. We all hope the crutches will be put away soon, but it is good to have so bright a letter from one who still uses them. Ed.]

DOLLY'S REWARD.

The day at last had dawned to which Dolly had so eagerly looked forward. She had coaxed her mother for nearly a week to let her go to a picnic with her school friends. Her mother said, 'Well, Dolly, you know I have been ill lately, and the girls will be here to-night for the evening, and I will have to tidy up the house alone if you go,' but Dolly had made up her mind to go. Just as she was ready to go to the picnic she caught sight of mother looking so tired and pale that Dolly ran back into the house took off her picnic dress put on her gingham one, and set to work to tidy up the house for the girls at night. About half-an-hour afterwards her mother came down. To her surprise she found Dolly working away. 'Why, Dolly,' she said, 'I thought you had gone to the picnic.' But Dolly said, 'No, mother, you looked so tired, I did not go.' And really Dolly did not mind now. About three or four o'clock in the afternoon one of Dolly's friends, Grace Cameron, came in, a friend that Dolly had been longing to see. So her mother said that because Dolly had stayed home from the picnic they would have a party themselves in the garden. So Dolly and her mother and Grace had a nice little party themselves. Just before Dolly went to bed that night she whispered to her mother that she had been well rewarded for staying home from the picnic, for if she had gone she would have missed Grace's pleasant visit and the nice little party.

EDITH MOODY (age 11).

A Deal in Apples.

(Mrs. F. M. Howard, in the 'Standard.')

(Concluded.)

'They don't look as if they had eaten a square meal in a year,' he commented as he passed a little girl with a scrawny baby in her thin arms. The little one was crying, not the lusty cry of healthy babyhood, but the dull, moaning cry which is born of hunger and pain. A sudden impulse stirred his heart.

'Here, little one, have some apples.' The horses stopped, and a handful of the mellowest pippins he had were tossed on the sidewalk. The older child reached down eagerly for the fruit, and the babe stopped its wailing. 'Put down the baby, and I'll fill your skirt full. Hold it fast now.' The girl obeyed, looking up at Mr. Arnold in dumb gratitude and delight as the red and gold fruit came tumbling into her shabby skirt. 'There, those will keep you and the little one tasting for a spell I reckon.'

'I might as well give them away as to carry them back home,' he said to himself as an eager crowd of wizened children gathered, to see the marvel of apples delivered without money or price. 'Here you kids, any more of you want apples?' Eager hands and wistful faces were lifted toward the big farm waggon.

'You bet we do, mister,' yelled one little urchin.

'I found a napple yesterday and there wasn't but one little, teeny bite took out of it,' cried another, in whose voice was the echo of semi-starvation.

Tears came very near Mr. Arnold's kind blue eyes while he distributed as much of his load as the children could carry, and as he watched them, with their arms, pockets and aprons full, scurrying toward their poor homes to show their treasures, and share them with the mothers and sisters there, he shook out his bandana and used it vigorously.

He drove on to the next block, and his face was grave as he passed out the last apple to a young girl, whose hollow cheeks and heavy eyes were eloquent with need. 'The Lord will reward you, sir,' she said with a courtesy unusual in the locality. 'Mother and I were brought up in the country, and we long so for these country luxuries but we are too poor to buy them.'

He took her number with some wild idea of dumping a waggon load of country delicacies there at some future time; of taking the mother and her daughter home with him for a month's rest, and the bandana came into use again as he drove on.

'Hang it, I don't know what mother will say, but I declare it is the best deal in apples that I have made in many a year,' he said, as the horses trotted along with their lightened load. 'The Lord is a good enough paymaster, when he pays principal and interest right on the spot. I haven't felt so rich for months.'

A bright thought struck him, even before the horses' hoofs struck the country road 'Why not? Mother has been a good, faithful wife, and she deserves all that I can do for her.' It was not so long a drive back to the bank where the savings of years were deposited, and when next the encouraged horses struck the homeward road, a long bundle was carefully stowed away in a safe place in the waggon.

'Is that you, Josiah?' called Mrs. Arnold as she peered out of the door into the gathering gloom. 'Well, hurry right in, for supper is just about ready. So far as I can see there are just as many barrels as you had when you started out,' she remarked as the waggon came to view under the rays of the uplifted candle.

'Yes, mother, the barrels are here but they are empty.'

'Did you get a good price?'

'I'll tell you all about it, mother, when I come in, and you may decide.' He told the story as they two sat together over the warm biscuit and honey, the fragrant tea and platter of poached eggs, and Mrs. Arnold's apron came up to her eyes as her husband's bandana had done.

'I'm so glad. I'm so awfully glad you did it, Josiah. Those poor creatures needed the apples enough sight more than we needed the money for them.'

She folded and patted the folds of rich silk with a pleased and tender smile after supper, and as she wrapped the bundle carefully in a snowy linen towel for safe keeping, she said briskly, 'We'll go out and pick up the rest of those apples to-morrow, Josiah. We mustn't let one of them go to waste, with such a market standing open for them.'

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First boil and fill a bottle made of colorless glass with the water and look through it at some dark object. The water should then appear perfectly colorless and free from suspended matter; a muddy or turbid appearance indicates the presence of soluble organic matter or of soluble matter in suspension.

If this test is passed successfully empty out some of the water, leaving the bottle about half-full; cork up and place it for a few hours in a warm place. Shake up the water, remove the cork and critically smell the air contained in the bottle. If it has any smell, and especially if the odor is in the least repulsive, the water should be rejected for domestic use. The advantage of heating the water is that this sometimes develops an odor that would not otherwise be perceptible.

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